

50¢

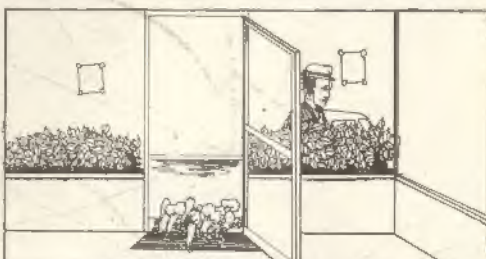
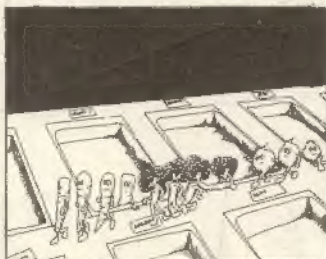
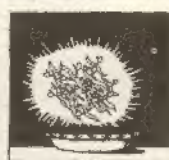
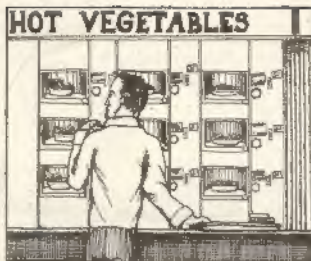


IT AINT ME BABE

WOMENS
LIBERATION



Trina



Heathcote

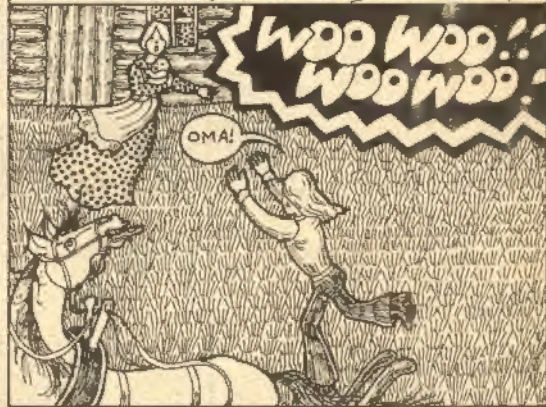
IT AINT ME BABE COMIX © JULY 1970 BY TRINA, LISA LYONS, CAROLE, MICHELE, WILLIE MENDES, MEREDITH KURTZMAN, AND HURRICANE NANCY, IS A LAST GASP ECOFUNNIES PUBLICATION. CONCEIVED BY THE WOMEN'S LIBERATION BASEMENT PRESS. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. ANY RIPPING OFF WILL BE DEALT WITH SWIFTLY. LIMITED REPRODUCTION RIGHTS MAY BE GRANTED BY WRITING THE PUBLISHER AT 15 SHATTUCK SQUARE, BERKELEY 94704, CALIFORNIA. ANY RESEMBLANCE TO CHAUVENIST COMIC CHARACTERS LIVING OR DEAD IS STRICTLY ADMITTED.



Our story begins on a little Pioneer homestead. The scene is a happy one.



But suddenly the tranquility is shattered by piercing war whoops!



The Indians rode up and grabbed the baby. What they did to it is best not pictured.





When they reached the Great Desert
the Indians unbound and abandoned Oma



The only thing to do was wander on.
Oma and the horse ate mesquite pods.

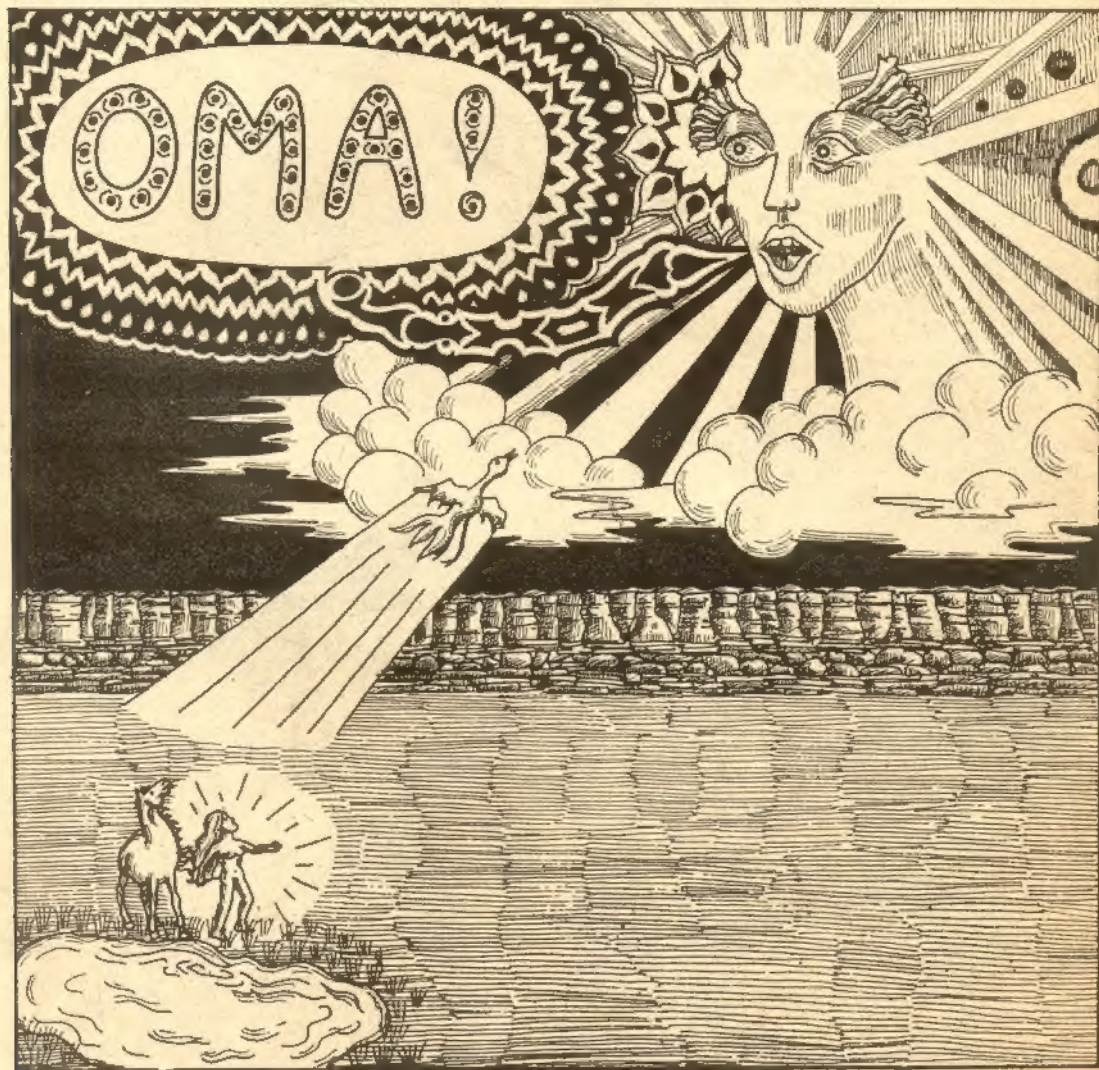


Three days later



This bird is still alive!

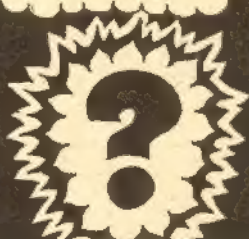




WITH THE MAGIC DAGGER



Magic Dagger?



YOU WILL SLAY THE GREAT SNAKE!

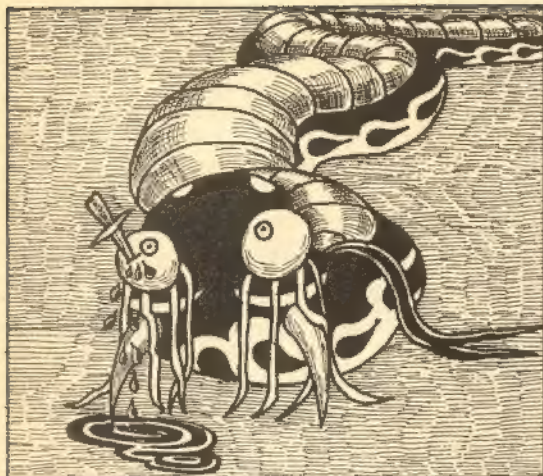


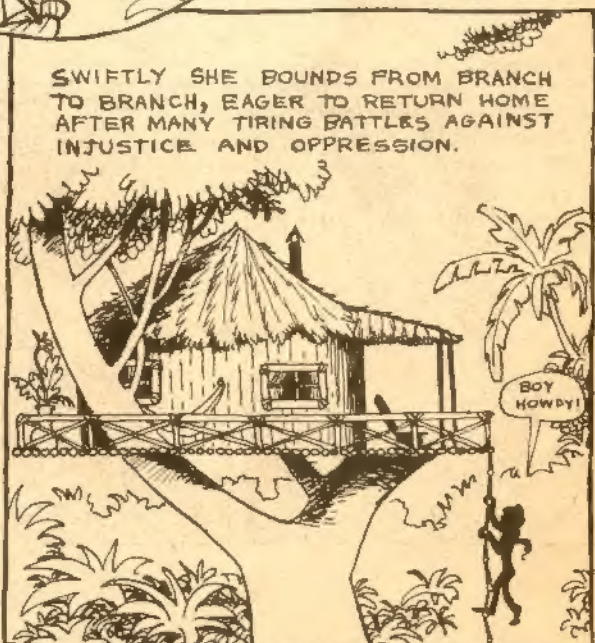
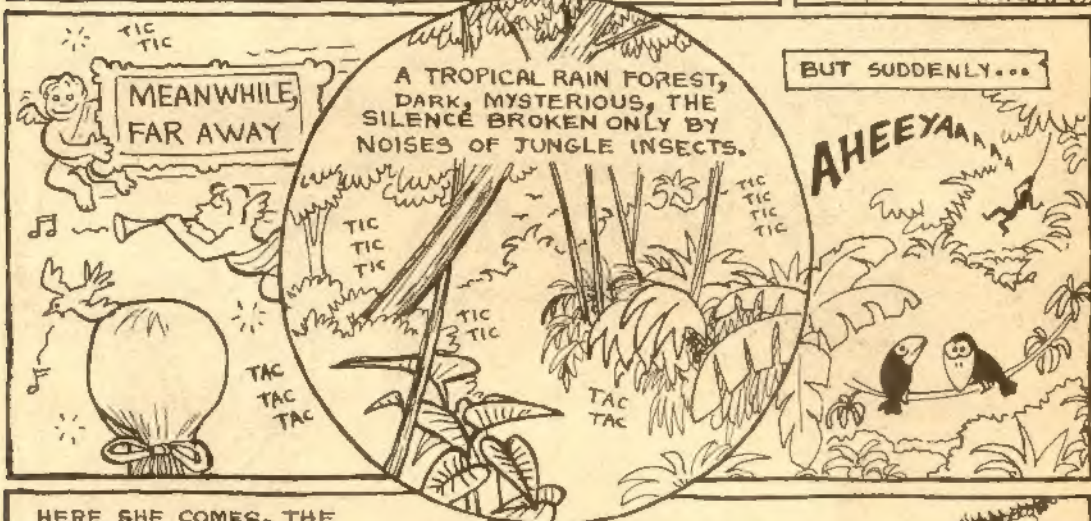
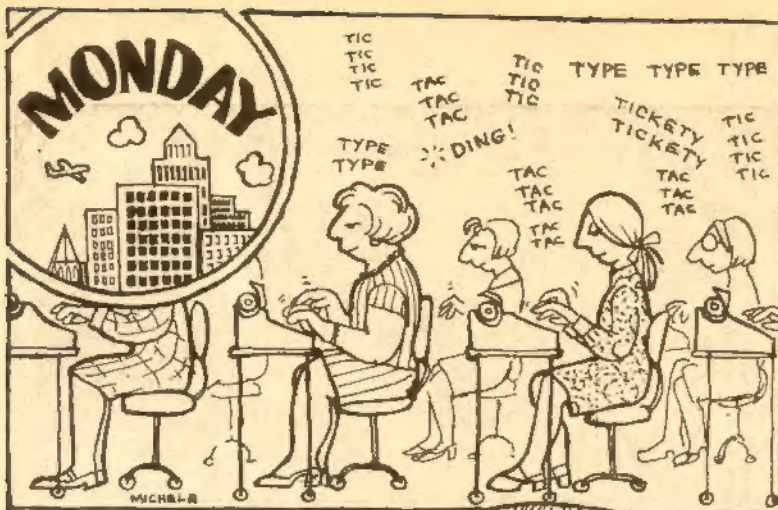
Great Snake?

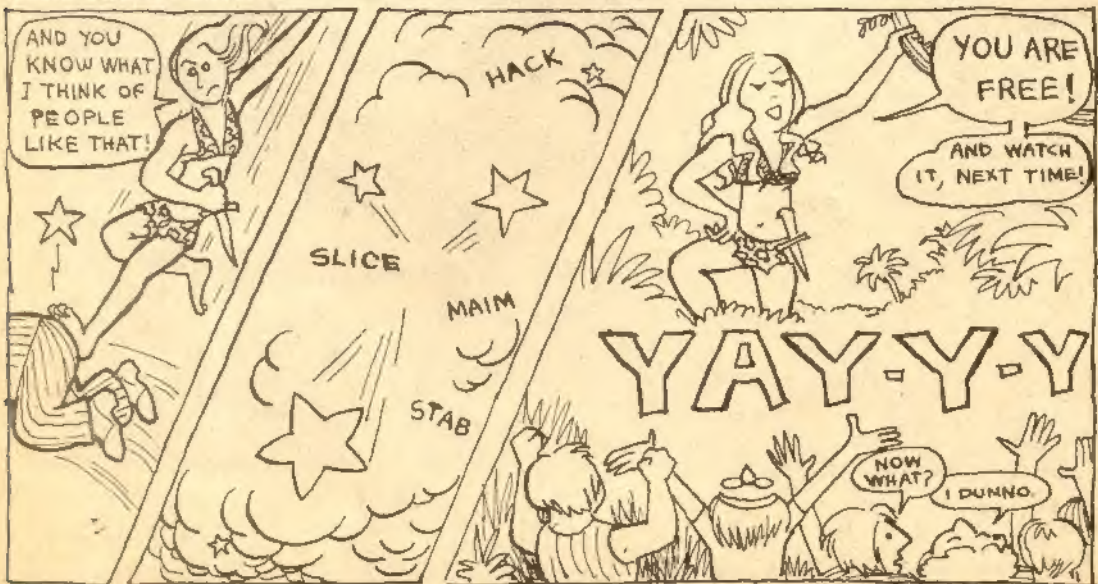
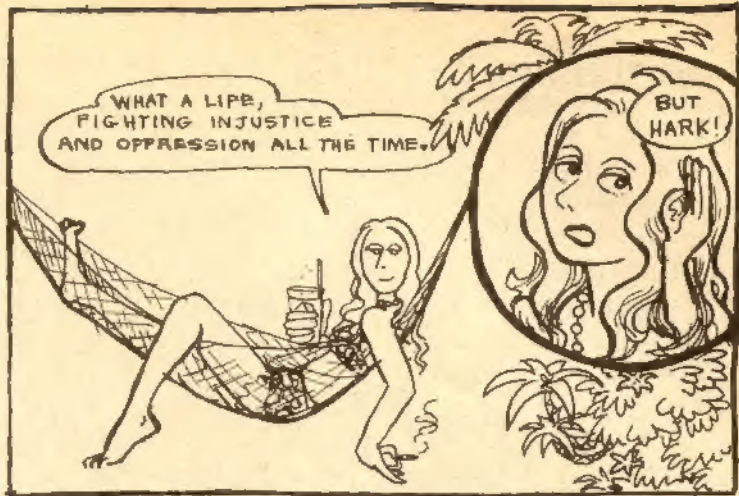


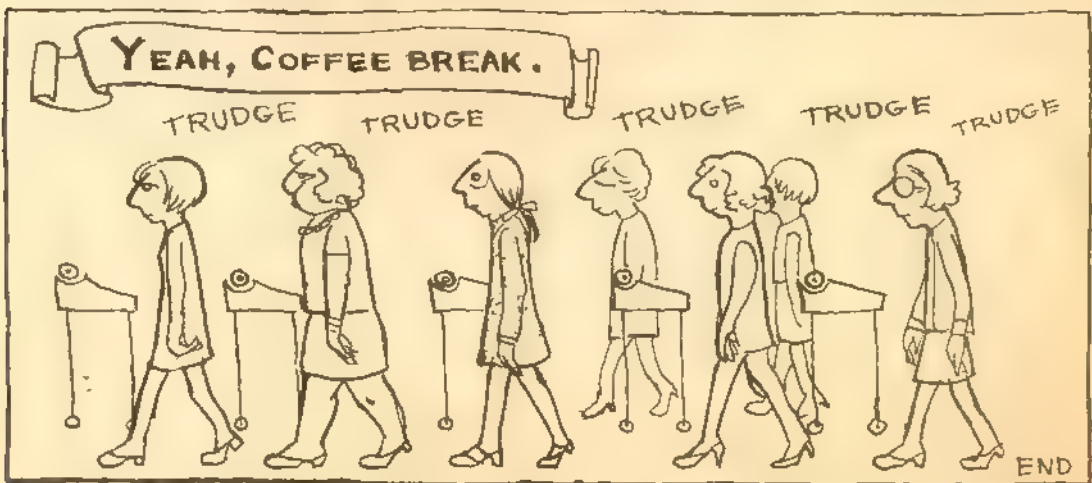
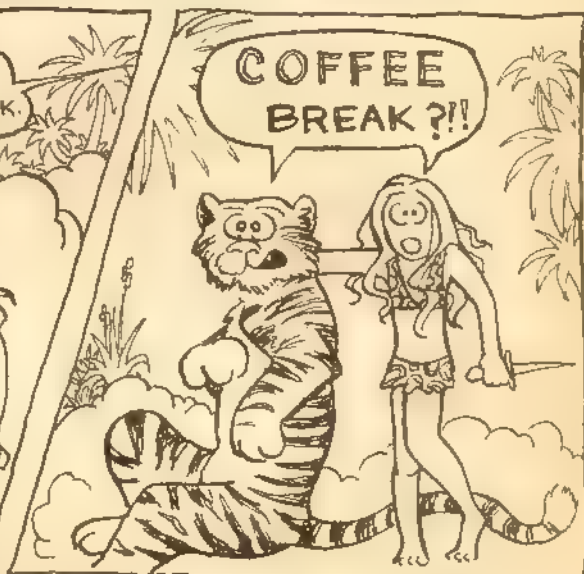
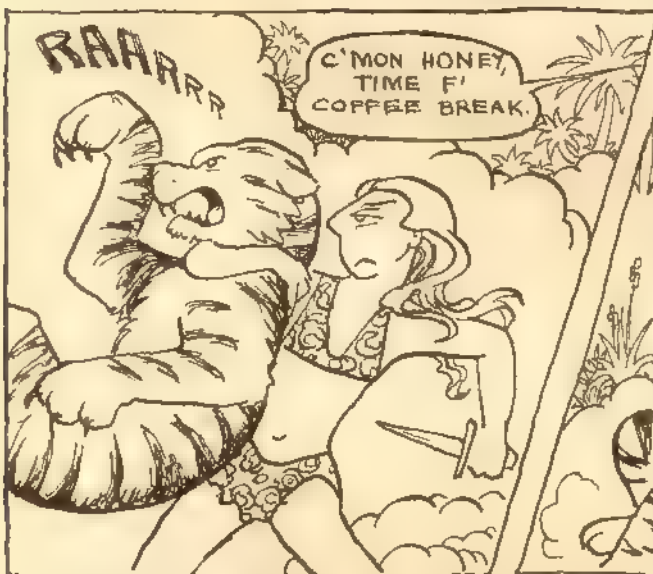


Death will
come through
his evil eye!







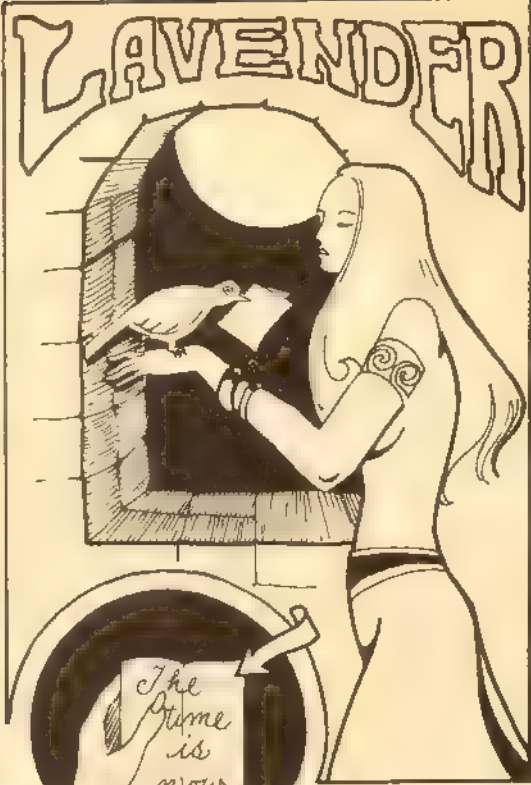




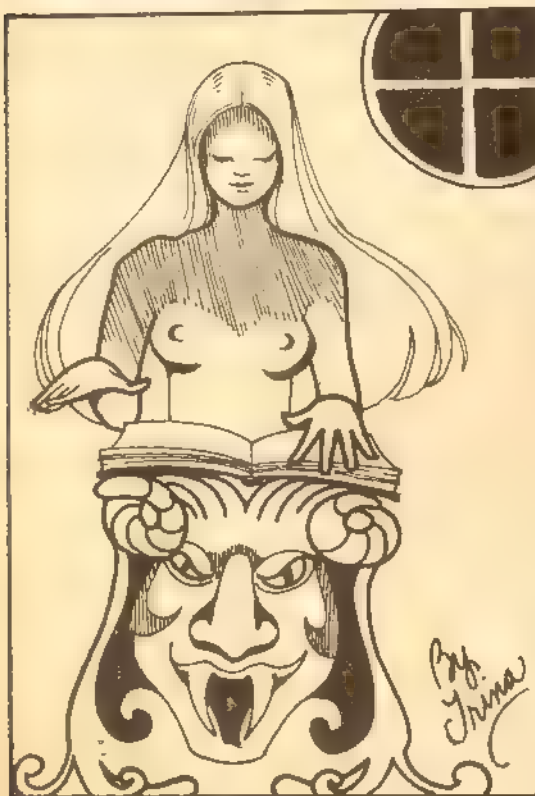
THE CASTLE STANDS
IN A LAND CALLED
TIME-FORGOT ...



OF COURSE
THEREIN DWELLS
A SORCERESS...
HER NAME?



The
time
is
now



HO SISTER!
MANY PAINS HAVE
FALLEN SINCE
LAST WE MET!

SINCE LAST WE MET I HAVE PRANGED THROUGH THE JUNGLE WITH THE UNICORN, BATHING IN HIDDEN POOLS...

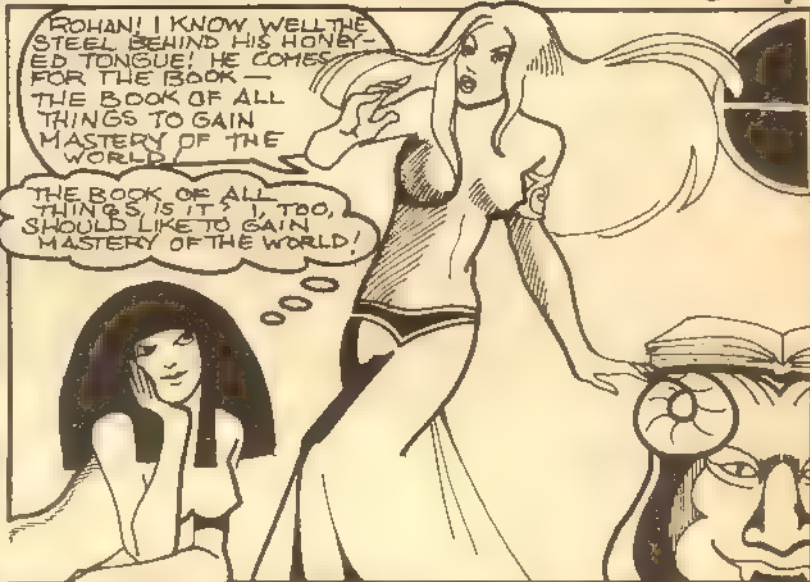
ONCE MY FRIEND THE EAGLE TOOK ME ON HIS BACK AND I SAW THE MOUNTAINS FROM 10 MILES UP...



...AND I HAVE SEEN ROHAN THE GREAT ON HIS WAY TO YOUR CASTLE!

ROHAN! I KNOW WELL THE STEEL BEHIND HIS HONEY-EDED TONGUE! HE COMES FOR THE BOOK — THE BOOK OF ALL THINGS TO GAIN MASTERY OF THE WORLD

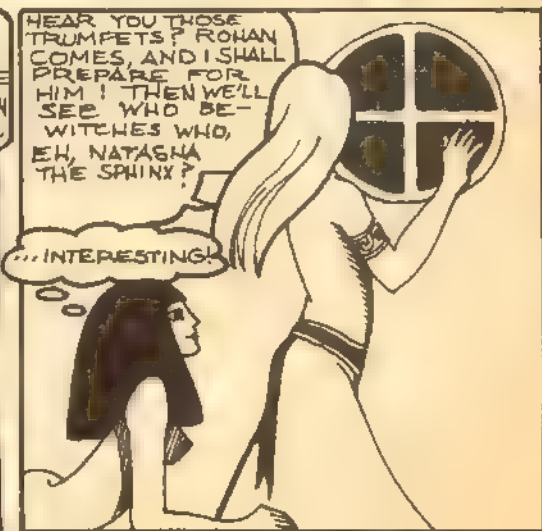
THE BOOK OF ALL THINGS IS IT? I, TOO, SHOULD LIKE TO GAIN MASTERY OF THE WORLD!



AND YET IT IS LONG SINCE A MAN TROD THESE HALLS... AND ROHAN HAS LONG LEGS...

HEAR YOU THOSE TRUMPETS? ROHAN COMES, AND I SHALL PREPARE FOR HIM! THEN WE'LL SEE WHO BE- WITCHES WHO, EH, NATASHA THE SPHINX?

...INTERESTING!



MY LADY LAVENDER,
ROHAN IS HERE!
IT IS NOT LIKE YOU
TO HIDE FROM ME!

I DO NOT
HIDE,
ROHAN!

WELCOME TO MY
CASTLE! HAS IT BEEN
A CENTURY OR ONLY 80
YEARS? ARE YOUR
ARMS STILL AS
STRONG?

AYE, TRULY
ARE YOU CALLED
ROHAN THE
GREAT!

AND ARE
THEY STILL AS
STRONG, MY
LADY?

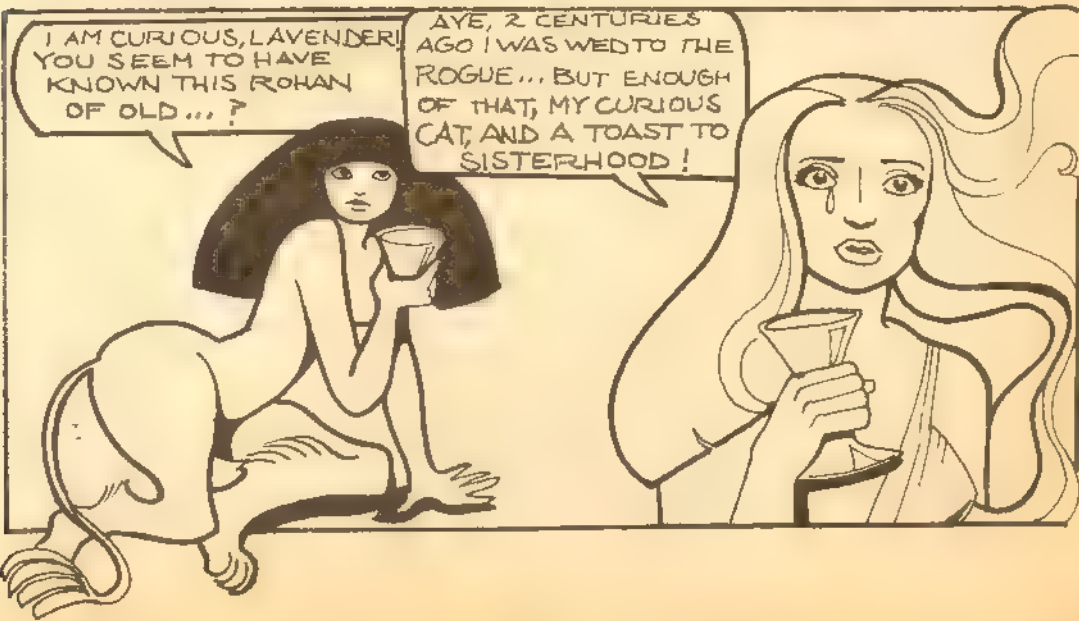
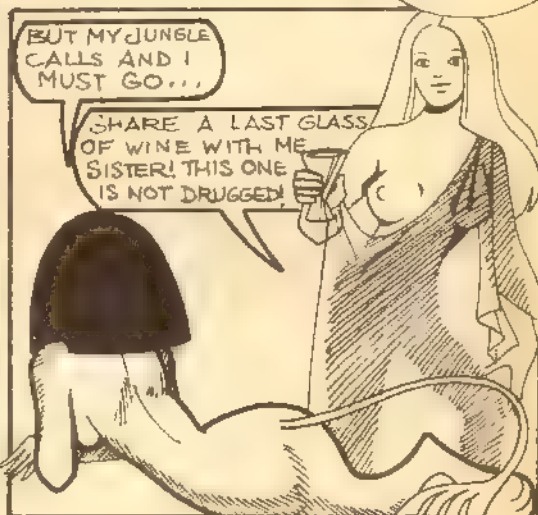
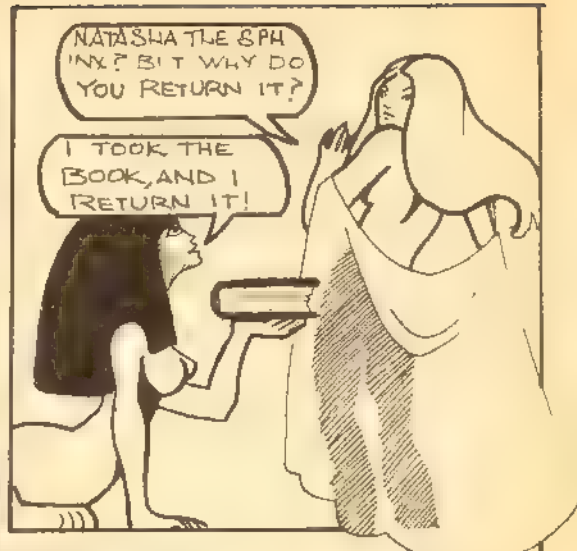
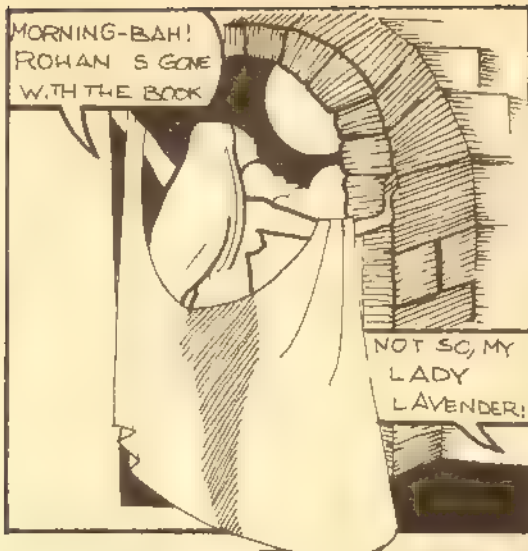
I COULD
WISH NO
HARM TO
ONE SO
LOVELY!
LET US
DRINK
TO LOVE!

...PER-
HAPS TO
ANOTHER
CENTURY
OF LOVE,
ROHAN!

MEANWHILE...

A CAT, TOO,
MAY
LOOK
AT A
BOOK!

SHE SLEEPS... I DRUGGED
HER POTION! SHE DRUGGED
MINE, TOO, BUT I DRANK IT
NOT... WHAT? THE BOOK
IS GONE!
ALL FOR
NAUGHT!



A FLOWER FABLE

*Lisa
Lyons*

ONCE THERE WERE TWO GARDENS...

THE FIRST WAS A
TINY, MEAGER
GARDEN.



IT BELONGED
TO A VERY
OLD, VERY
POOR LADY
WHO LIVED
IN THE
HEART OF
THE GHETTO.

THE OTHER WAS A BEAUTIFUL
OCEANSIDE GARDEN. IT WAS
VERY LARGE, AND BELONGED
TO A VERY RICH OLD LADY.



THE RICH OLD LADY'S GARDEN WAS LAVISHLY MULCHED AND FERTILIZED. IT WAS FILLED WITH THE MOST EXOTIC AND BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS MONEY COULD BUY.

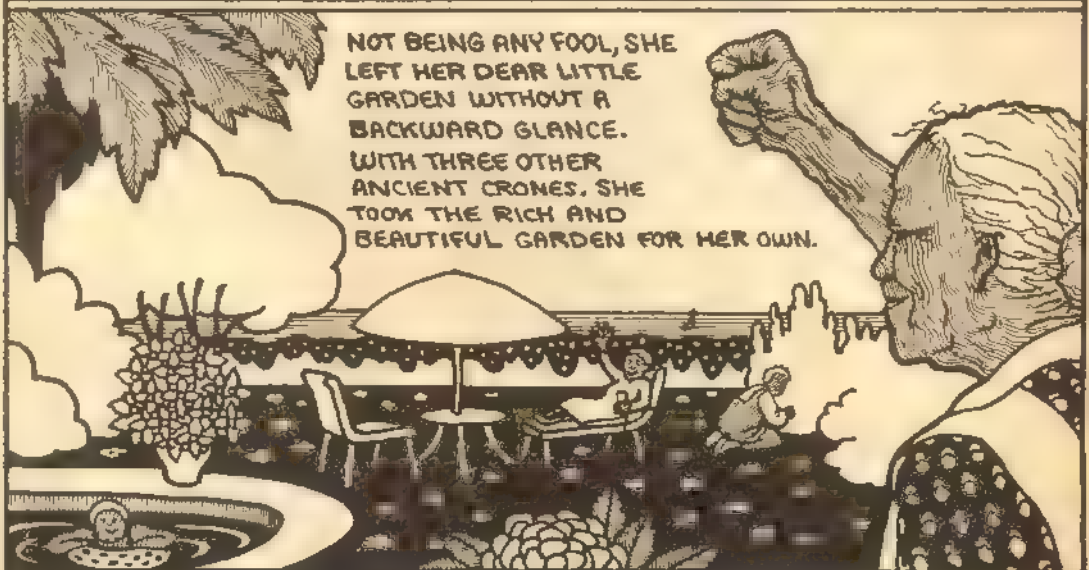


WHILE THE POOR OLD LADY'S GARDEN WAS FILLED MOSTLY WITH ROCKS AND CEMENT. THE NASTERSIUMS AND OTHER HUMBLE FLOWERS THAT GREW THERE NEEDED ALL HER CARE AND ATTENTION.



WHEN THE REVOLUTION CAME, THE POOR OLD LADY WAS TOLD SHE COULD HAVE ANYTHING IN THE WORLD SHE WANTED.

NOT BEING ANY FOOL, SHE LEFT HER DEAR LITTLE GARDEN WITHOUT A BACKWARD GLANCE. WITH THREE OTHER ANCIENT CRONES, SHE TOOK THE RICH AND BEAUTIFUL GARDEN FOR HER OWN.



MORAL: BEAUTY MAY BE IN THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER, BUT GARDENERS HAVE PRETTY SHARP EYES.





Breaking Out

by the IT AIN'T ME BABE
BASEMENT COLLECTIVE
ARTWORK BY CAROLE

A CUNNY AFTERNOON I TAKE THE
30,000 OTHER AFTERNOONS IN NUKES
LIFE (1970)



MEANWHILE SOMETIMES...



AND AT RIVERDALE HIGH SCHOOL
BETTY AND VERONICA ARE STUCK AT IT



SOODENLY.....



IN SUPERMAN'S ARCTIC FORTRESS SUPERGIRL IS TOWING THE SAME OLD ONE.



NO SUPERGIRL! I'M GOING TO THE PLANET XERON ALONE. YOU'LL STAY HERE ON EARTH FOR YOUR OWN SAFETY!

SHORTLY ...

THIS IS THE LAST TIME YOU'RE GOING TO GET AWAY WITH THIS, SUPERMAN. I'M TIRED OF BEING BOSSED AROUND. OUR PARTNERSHIP IS OVER !!!



ELSEWHERE PETUNIA PIG EXCITEDLY GREETES PORKY AS HE COMES HOME FROM THE OFFICE



HIDEAR! I SPENT SUCH A NICE AFTERNOON WITH DAISSY DUCK. WE WENT TO THE—

I'M T-T-TIRED AND HUNGRY A-P-PETUNIA. I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT YOUR DUMB DUCK FRIEND! WHEN'S DINNER?



HA! COOK YOUR OWN DINNER PORKY. I'M SPITTING! THAT WAS THE LAST STRAW. I'M GOING TO MAKE A NEW LIFE FOR MYSELF. GOODBYE !!

WITCH HAZEL IS PLOTTING



HA. HA! HA! HA! HA!!! FEMINIST REBELLION IS CREEPING ALL OVER THE EARTH !!! (CACKLE !!)

PROTECTED SISTERS CATCH TOGETHER



CACKLE!
CACKLE!

NOW I SEE WHY
I'VE BEEN KEPT
POWERLESS AND
THROUGH THESE YEARS. BE-
ING MARRIED TO
POCKY KEPT ME'S
CHAINED FROM OTHER
WOMEN. HE WAS ABLE
TO TOTALLY USE ME.
MY REALITY.



OH KUNNIE!
ARCHIE KEPT
US APART AND
THROUGH THESE YEARS
WE'VE BEEN
SEEING EACH
OTHER JUST AS
RIVALS. ARCHIE
HAS TAKEN AD-
VANTAGE OF
BOTH OF US.



I DON'T
HAVE TO ALWAYS JOIN
THE BOYS. I'M
JUST AS GOOD
A PERSON AS
THEY ARE. I
WANT TO DO
MY OWN THING
TOO!

ME TOO!

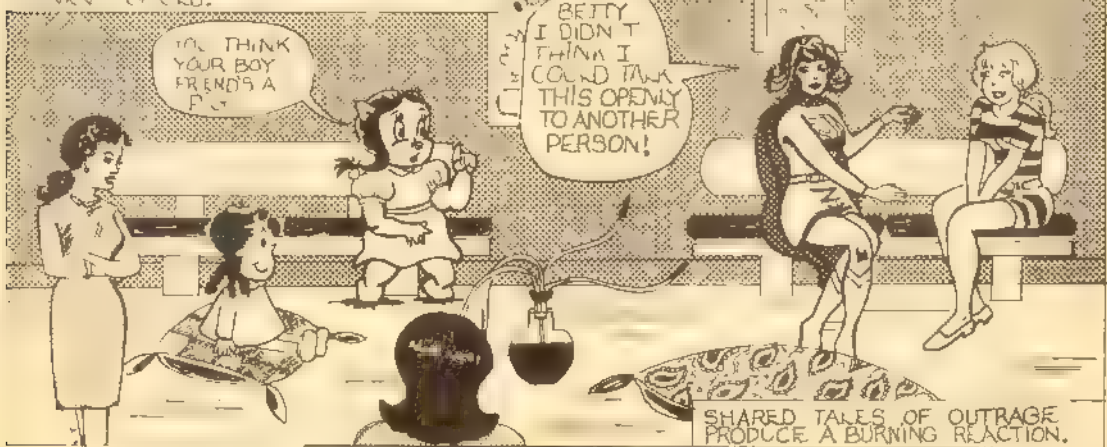
I'VE ALWAYS FELT I
WAS BETTER THAN OTHER
WOMEN BECAUSE OF MY
SUPER POWERS AND ALWAYS
PREFERRED THE COMPANY
OF MEN. HOW I WAS
KIDDING MYSELF! MEN
HAVE NEVER THOUGHT
OF ME AS AN EQUAL.



INTO SMALLER GROUPS NOT MORE WITH THE
VENUE OF END.

DO YOU THINK
YOUR BOY
FRIEND'S A
PUNK?

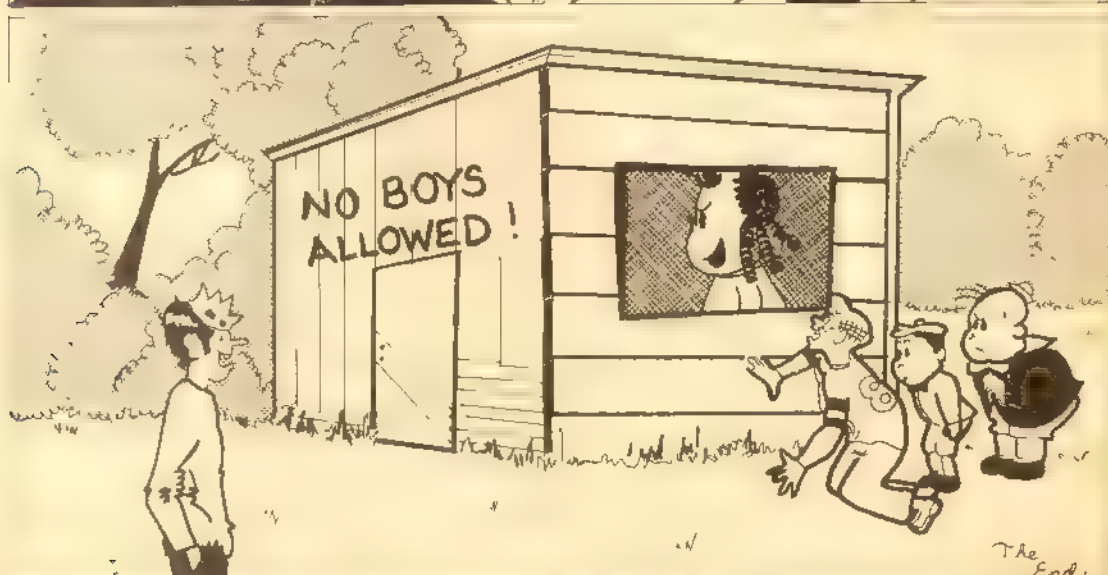
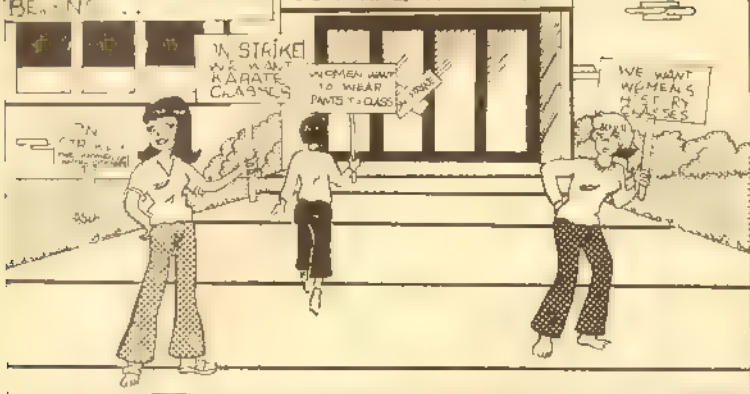
BETTY
I DIDN'T
THINK I
COULD TALK
THIS OPENLY
TO ANOTHER
PERSON!



SHARED TALKS OF OUTRAGE
PRODUCE A BURNING REACTION.

AND NOW THE ACTION
BE...

CENTRAL CITY HIGH



The End

TIRADE FUNNIES

COME, LET US GO FOR A WALK ON A BEAUTIFUL DAY, WEARING OUR PRETTY CLOTHES, WITH THE MAN WE LOVE. WE FEEL GREAT, DON'T WE?



MICHELE

BUT NOW LET'S IMAGINE TAKING THAT SAME WALK ALONE. IT IS NOT THE SAME, IS IT? UH, BETTER NOT WEAR THE SEE-THROUGH BLOUSE THIS TIME...



SOME OF US LIKE TO TAKE WALKS AND THINK ABOUT THINGS, BUT SOMEHOW THERE'S ALL THESE INTERRUPTIONS.



...EVER TRY TO SIT ON A BENCH AND READ A BOOK?



AND BETTER JUST FORGET ABOUT WALKING IN CERTAIN PARTS OF TOWN.



UNLESS YOU HAPPEN TO LIVE THERE, THAT IS.



WE MUST DIG ALL THAT
ATTENTION, OR WHY WOULD
WE BE OUT ON THE STREETS
IN THE FIRST PLACE?

IF YOU DON'T
LIKE IT, YOU CAN
ALWAYS STAY HOME.

(IN FACT, THERE
ARE EVEN THOSE
WHO WOULD PREFER
IT IF YOU DID.)

BUT WHY BE SO NEGATIVE,
FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE? WHY
NOT LOOK AT THE GOOD SIDE
OF BEING A GIRL? FOR INSTANCE,
IF THE COPS SHOULD HAPPEN
TO BUST YOUR OLD MAN FOR
POSSESSION OF LONG HAIR,
THEY DON'T SEEM TO MIND
YOURS, DO THEY?

AND WHEN YOU GO
TO A PARTY ALL
YOU HAVE TO DO
IS STAND THERE
AND THE FELLAS
COME RUNNING.

... RUNNING INTO EACH
OTHER, THAT IS.

BEAT IT, I WAS
HERE FIRST!

HEY YOU
GUYS, SHE'S
MINE!

DAMN IT, WHAT
DO THEY THINK
WE ARE, ANYWAY?

WHAT'S THE
MATTER, YOU
DON'T LIKE
SEX?

WANNA BE IN A
STAG FILM I'M MAKING?

BLACK BABIES,
THASS WHAT YOU
REALLY WANT!

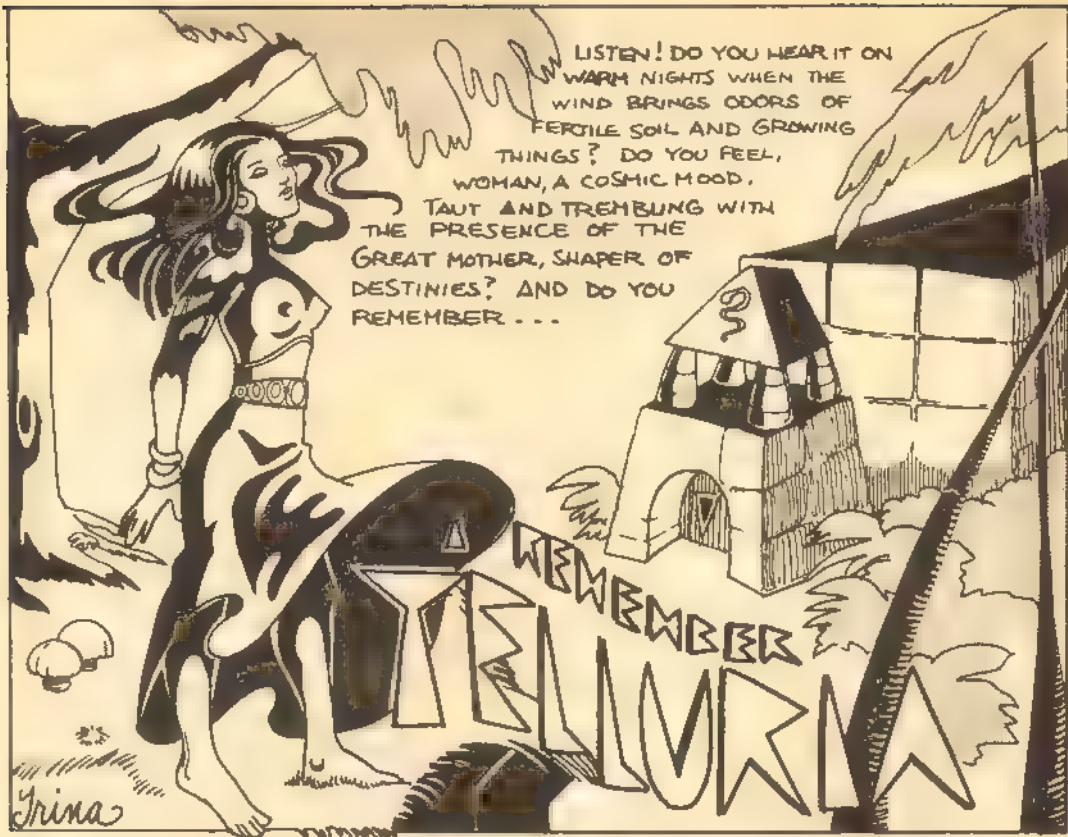
HERE'S A
POEM I JUST
WROTE ABOUT
YOUR THIGHS.

HERE, HAVE A DRINK
AND LET'S SPLIT
TO MY PLACE!

SEE WHAT
I MEAN?
JEEZUS!

BUT AAAH
WHAT'S THE USE?

END



MY NAME WAS MAIA AND I SERVED AS
HANDMAIDEN TO THE HIGH PRIESTESS
IN THE TEMPLE OF MA MATA THE GREAT
MOTHER, BEATING HEART OF THE
EARTH . . .



DAYTIMES SHE INSTRUCTED ME IN THE
MYSTERIES OF THE GREAT MOTHER . . .

EBB AND TIDE, WAXING AND WANING,
FERMENTATION OF THE WINES, PHOS-
PHORESCENCE, DECOMPOSITION OF
THE FLESH, EASY BIRTHS ARE
DUE TO HER . . .



BUT I SPENT THOSE WARM
TELLURIAN NIGHTS BENEATH THE
MOON WITH MY LOVER REB...



SPRING! AND THE TIME OF THE GREAT
FESTIVAL OF MAMATA! AT EACH
TIME OF PLANTING PYTHIA THE HIGH
PRIESTESS AS MORTAL EMBODIMENT OF
THE GREAT MOTHER, TOOK A MATE...

EVERY YEAR, THE
MOST BEAUTIFUL
YOUTH IS SELECTED
FOR HER. A LUXURIANT
FIGURE, HIS FACE
PAINTED WITH PSIMYTHION,
ADORNED WITH GOLDEN
BRACELETS, DRESSED
IN GARMENTS OF SCARLET,
HIS HAND CLUTCHING A
GOLDEN CUP AND SITTING
UNDER A PURPLE CANOPY-
THIS IS HE EXHIBITED TO
THE PEOPLE!



WE WERE ENCOURAGED TO HAVE MANY
LOVERS FOR THE GREAT MOTHER SPECIAL
THIS GOOD BUT REB HAD BEEN FOUND
SINCE OUR MEETING AT THE HARVEST FEAST

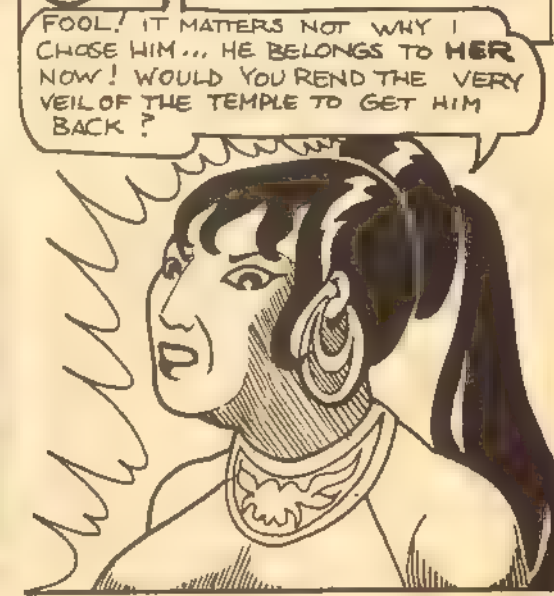
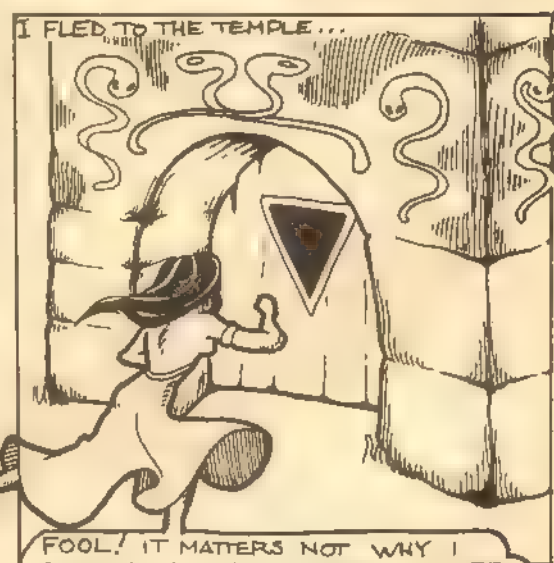


AFTER ONE DAY AND ONE NIGHT OF CELE
BRATION THERE WOULD BE A DIFFERENT
KIND OF SHOW... THE CHOSEN MATE OF
MA MATA WAS TO BE SEEN ON A VAST
BED OF PRECIOUS WOODS WHICH WAS SET
AFIRE...



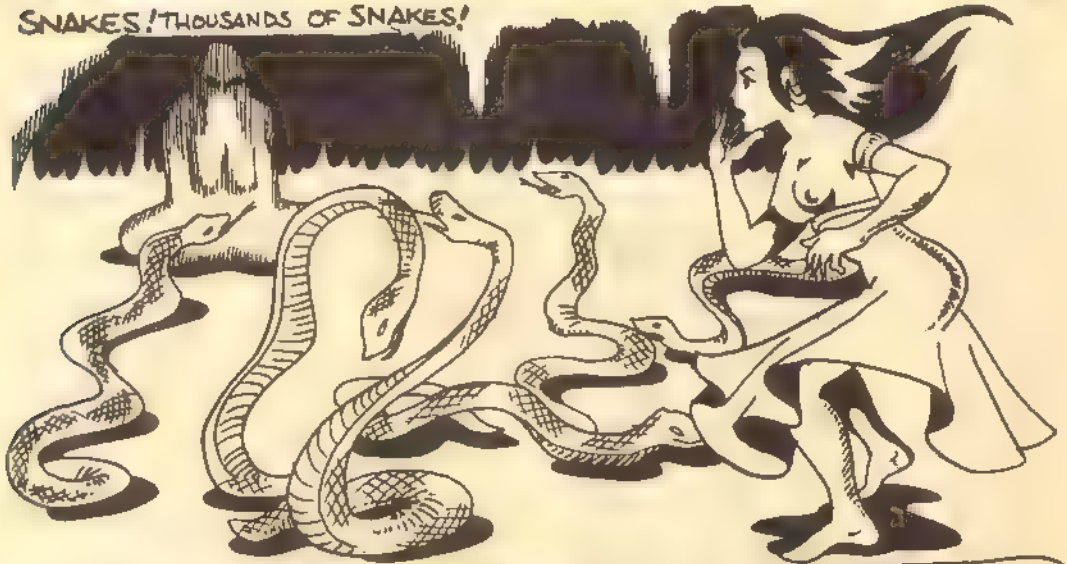
AN IMMENSE PILLAR OF FIRE ROSE TOWARD
THE SKIES AND FLOODED TELLURIA WITH
SMOKE AND FRAGRANCES AS THE SOUL OF
THE CHOSEN ONE ROSE TO UNITE WITH
MAMATA IN CELESTIAL REBIRTH...

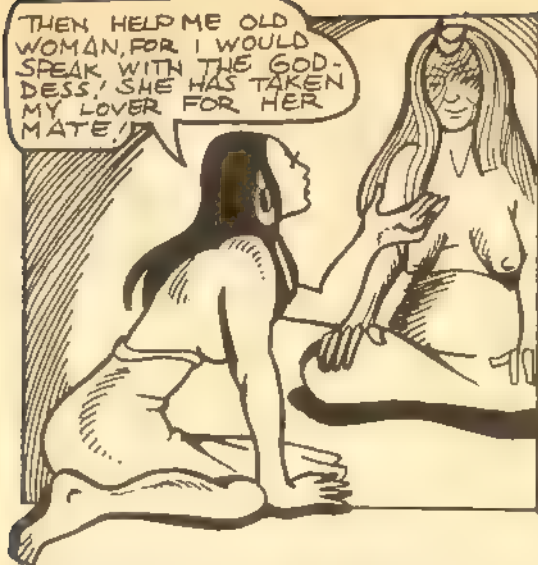






SNAKES! THOUSANDS OF SNAKES!





THEN, HELP ME OLD WOMAN, FOR I WOULD SPEAK WITH THE GOD-DESS. SHE HAS TAKEN MY LOVER FOR HER MATE!

SMOKING THE SACRED HERBS BROUGHT STRANGE VISIONS TO MY HEAD...



THE OLD WOMAN PREPARES A STRANGE RITUAL...

SOON...

HO, GIRL! SO YOU SEEK TO CHALLENGE THE GOD-DESS?



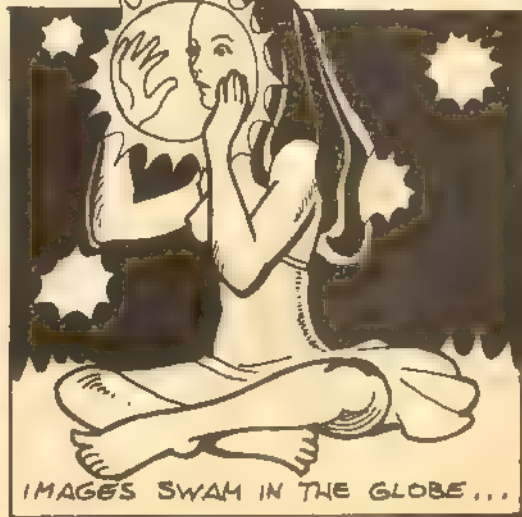
SUDDENLY THE CAVERN WAS FILLED WITH SHINING BUBBLES... SHE GRASPED ONE FROM THE AIR...



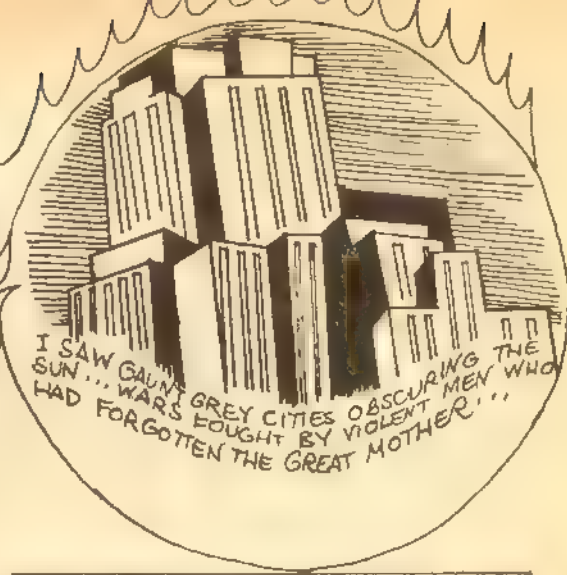
SHE IS STRANGELY ALTERED...



BEHOLD THE EYE OF THE FUTURE! GAZE INTO THIS. MY CHILD AND SEE WHERE YOUR FOLLY LEADS YOU...



IMAGES SWAM IN THE GLOBE...



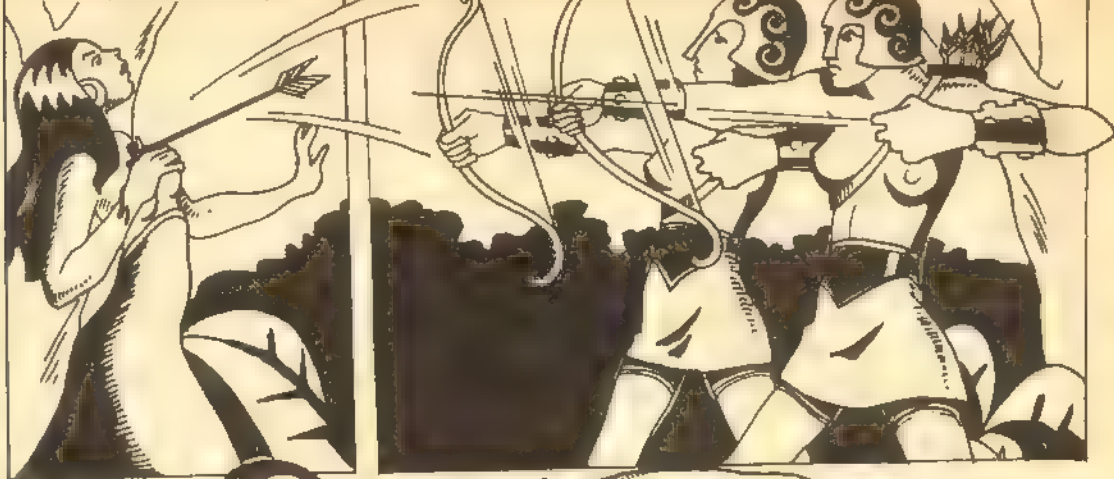
YET THE GREAT MOTHER STANDS NOT IN THE WAY OF LOVE... I SENSE THAT SOON HE WILL COME, THE VENGEFUL GOD JEHOVAH, AND TWO THOUSAND YEARS OF VIOLENCE AND HATE... YET EVEN I CANNOT CHANGE WHAT MUST BE AND THE OLD WAYS MUST CHANGE... FLEE WITH YOUR LOVER, CHILD, THOUGH IT MEAN ALL OUR DEATHS...



I FLED BLINDLY AND FOUND MYSELF IN THE FOREST BEHIND THE TEMPLE. AND...



...AND I WAS NEXT, FOR I HAD BROKEN THE ANCIENT LAWS OF THE MOTHER..

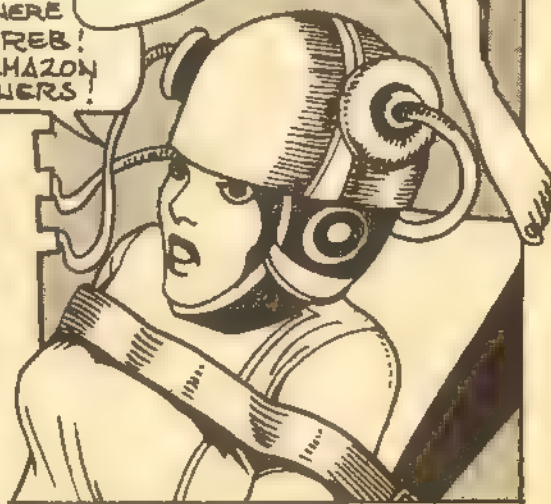
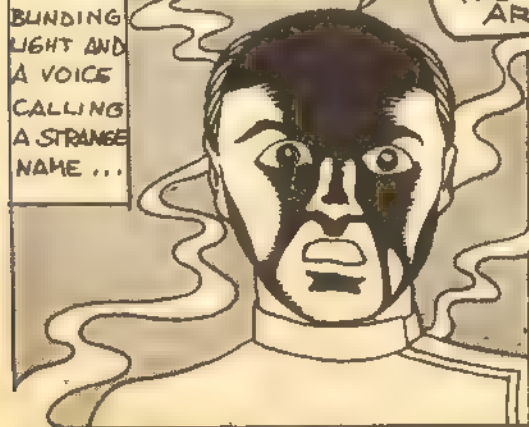


I FELT MYSELF WHIRLING,
WHIRLING, THROUGH A
SEEMINGLY ENDLESS
VOID...

I AWOKE
TO A
BLINDING
LIGHT AND
A VOICE
CALLING
A STRANGE
NAME...

CAROL! CAROL!

WH-WHERE
AM I? REB!
THE AMAZON
ARCHERS!

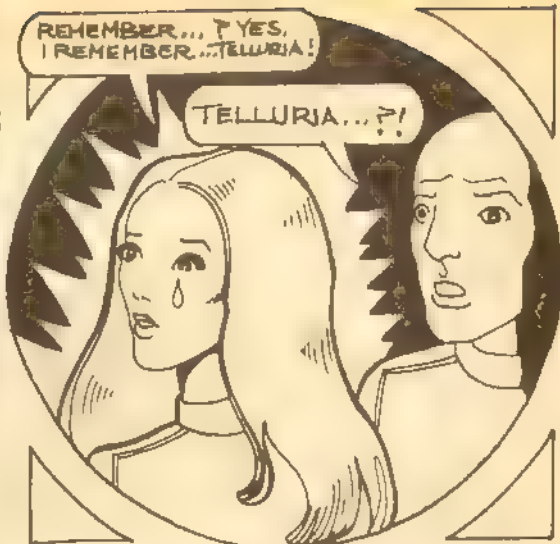


DON'T YOU REMEMBER? I'M DOCTOR FELL AND YOU'RE CAROL KRAFT, MY ASSISTANT! YOU VOLUNTEERED TO TRY THIS HELMET... A HELMET TO SEND THE MIND BACK THROUGH TIME, PERHAPS TO A FORMER LIFE! DID IT WORK? WHAT DO YOU REMEMBER?

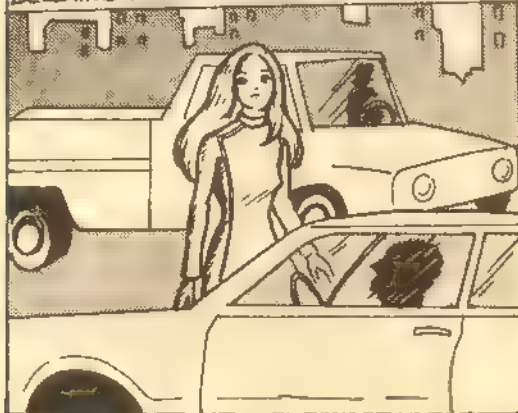


REMEMBER...? YES,
I REMEMBER...TELLURIA!

TELLURIA...?!



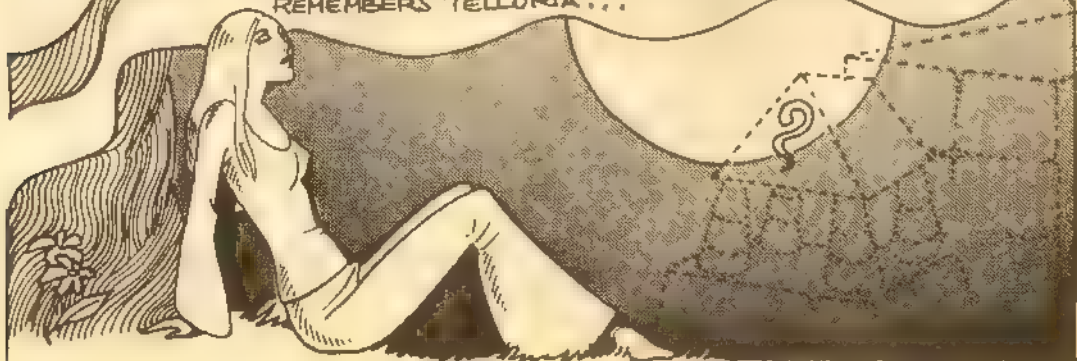
IN A DAZE I LEFT THE LAB AND FOUND MYSELF IN A STRANGE WORLD... THE WORLD DESCRIBED BY THE OLD WITCH WOMAN WHERE TALL BUILDINGS BLOCKED THE SUN AND DEMONIC MACHINES SPED BY, BELCHING POISON FUMES INTO THE AIR...

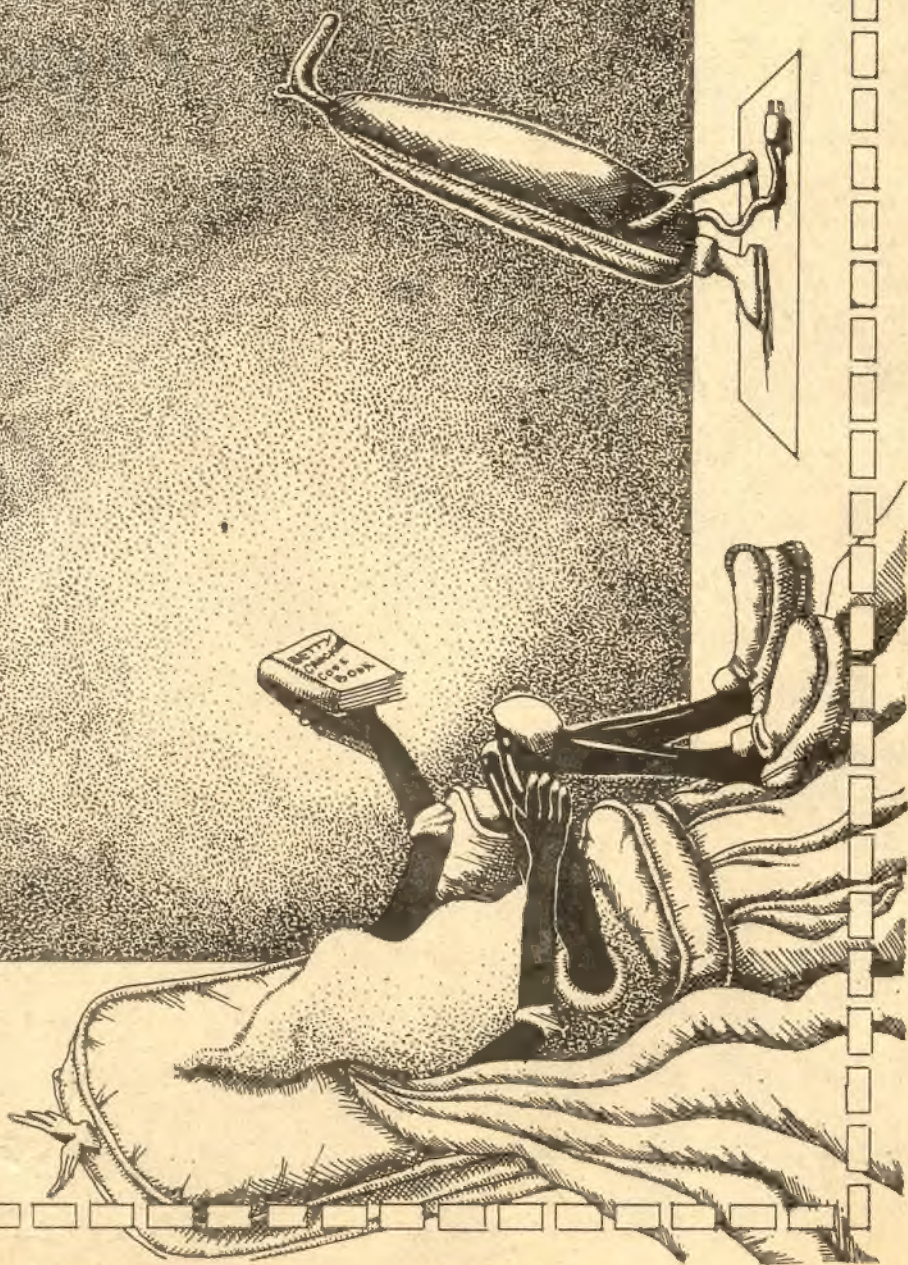


AND WHO AM I? I AM MAIA AND CAROL KRAFT... I BELONG TO TWO WORLDS AND YET NEITHER FOR I REJECT THIS TIME OF STEEL DEATH AND VIOLENCE, YET I CANNOT WORSHIP A GODDESS WHO DEMANDS A HUMAN LIFE...



AH, BUT ON WARM SUMMER NIGHTS I SIT BENEATH THE TREES AND LET THE MIST FROM THE MOON BRING ME MEMORIES OF ANOTHER TIME... A TIME OF A YOUNGER PLANET, FERTILITY AND AN ANCIENT HOPE, AND MY BLOOD REMEMBERS...
REMEMBERS TELLURIA...







MEREDITH



HURRICANE NANCY

LEFT TO RIGHT : SITTING : TRINA, LISA
STANDING : CAROLE, PEGGY, MICHELE, WILLIE

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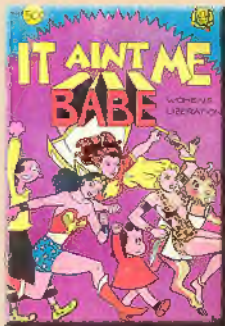
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